Ho Jun Kang

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Leah Keys Stahl

Descriptive Paragraph

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Brutal Memories

One of stories is spoken by my grandfather’s solemn and dismal voice from his bitter memories which he experienced at 1950 and which are the painful wound in his mind. One silent and clam Sunday, he heard some strange and bizarre sounds early in the tranquil morning. This resonant sound was big like bombs. After 10 minutes, the siren suddenly sounded in the city, so his family immediately evacuated to the south direction with most citizens. These flee to Busan which is the southernmost port city in Korea had constantly and repeatedly continued during 15 days. Even though they walked the endless and boundless distances, they could not stop because of cannon ball with a thundering noise. After the lapse of time, they were in the terrible and dreadful situations: he got a blister on his foot. Moreover, to make things worse, his family was parched with thirst due to that because they were in a tearing hurry when they got out of their house, they didn’t bring anything to eat or drink. Hence, his sons, one by one, fell down on a desolate wasteland. Until his boys recovered consciousness, they hid in the area of dense woodland. He ardently hoped that this situation would be dream, but despite his desire, many refugees were dead during the evacuation. On his way, there are many dead on the road, and these stank to high heaven. He and his family trembled with fear. In the end, they arrived Busan; however, the darkness were coming there.